THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

June, 1803.

LADY DUNCANNON.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THIS lady is the second daughter of the late Earl Spencer, and sister to the Duchess of Devonshire, both admired in the first circles, for their beauty and accomplishments. In 1780, she married Lord Duncannon, and is now one of the brightest ornaments of the fashionable world.

ON BEAUTY.

THOUGH beauty is, with the most apt similitude, (I had almost said with the most literal truth,) called a flower that fades and dies almost in the very moment of its maturity; yet there is, methinks, a kind of beauty which lives even to old age; a beauty that is not *in* the features, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *shines through them.* As it is not merely *corporeal*, it is not the object of mere *sense;* nor is it to be discovered, but by persons of true taste, and refined sentiment. There are strokes of sensibility, nice touches of delicacy, sense, and even virtue, which, like the master traits in a fine picture, are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes, that are captivated with vivid colours, and gaudy decorations. There are emanations of the mind, which, like the vital spark of celestial fire, animate the *form* of beauty with a *living soul.* Without this, the most perfect symmetry in the bloom of youth is but a "kneaded clod;" and with this, the features that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility, an inexpressible charm, which those only do not admire who want faculties to perceive.

THE RECLUSE:

OR,

REFLECTIONS IN RETIREMENT.

By an Old Moralist.

[Continued from Page 320.]

DOMESTIC TYRANNY.

LINDOR was no longer the elegant, the gay, the brilliant star which illuminated every circle; he was become the careless, the silent, the melancholy influence, which blighted the expanding bloom of every social groupe. His heart was oppressed by the conviction of follies, which his warm and generous nature magnified into crimes.

Unable to suffer a continuance of the retrospections which tortured his mind, he once more set out for the west of England, and resolved to fling himself on the mercy and affection of his uncle. The old gentleman received him with a welcome, as he attributed the visit to anxiety about his health. Every kindness was a dagger to the soul of Lindor. When his uncle affectionately drank his health at table, Lindor would throw down his eyes, throbbing with emotion; and when he called him his *dear boy*, and tenderly pressed his hand, when he bade him good night, Lindor would spring from his grasp, as if the touch would bare the secret that festered in his heart; and flying to his own room, he would execrate his conduct, for deserving the displeasure of such a friend.

The conflicts of his mind almost reduced him to madness. In one of the most distressing moments of his gratitude and remorse, he seized a pen, and wrote as humble, as contrite, and as affecting a letter, as ever was dictated by a noble and feeling heart. But

his uncle thought otherwise. This old gentleman had been in his youth a man of the loosest morals, and his reformation had been the effect rather of his encreased age, than of his conviction. He now passed for a *good man;* but his heart understood not the manly and generous language of his nephew, and he replied to him in a strain passionate and cruel. Lindor flew to throw himself at his feet; his tears washed the hands of his inflexible uncle. Regardless of entreaties which might have moved the soul of a savage, and of an attitude which none but an iron heart could withstand, he turned from him, and told him, with scornful bitterness, to leave him for ever;—that he never would countenance one who had run through every shilling of his own fortune, and now only wanted to secure the inheritance of his, that he might squander it in a similar manner. This barbarous reply stinging Lindor to the soul, and rising from his knee with a dignity which diffused a momentary awe, even over the hard mind of his injurer, he dashed the tears from his eyes, and telling his uncle, that he would never again oppress him either by his affection or his distresses, he left the house—and soon after the kingdom! But to what place, or in what line, I have never been able to discover.—I know his uncle well; and am sorry to say, that even now, when, perhaps, his unhappy nephew is suffering the most galling hardships on a foreign shore; or, perhaps, overwhelmed by his comfortless state, he may have fallen a victim to a wounded spirit, and now be in his grave; yet still his uncle is inflexible. Alas! Lindor! if this sad world yet hold thee, what may not be thy sorrows! Perhaps a houseless outcast, with no place whereon to lay thy head. Perhaps the burning suns of the West Indies beat on thy throbbing temples! perhaps the dried sands of Egypt conceal thy cold remains! What ever may have been thy lot, amiable and wretched young man, thy sorrows have been lamented by my sighs, thy distant grave washed by my tears.

(To be continued.)

THE POST-OFFICE SPY.

PACKET VI.

LETTER.

[Continued from page 306.]

MR. ANDERTON TO AUGUSTUS BELLFONT, ESQ.

Dear Friend, *Liverpool, April 18th.*

THAT I have received two letters from you without having written a line in return, I acknowledge to be true; but when you hear the melancholy circumstances which have occasioned my unusual silence, I am self-assured of your forgiveness. There is scarcely any error more fatal than that arising from the too sanguine expectations of youth, and the capriciousness of age; of which truth we have here experienced a sad verification. You knew my friend Sydenham; and that it was to accompany him on a pleasurable excursion, I left R——: and, before I proceed with my tale, it will be necessary to explain to you his situation and views in life. His parents, through some early indiscretions, dying indigent, left him a destitute, pennyless orphan; and as such, was, by the interposition of some humane characters, received into the Foundling Hospital. A wealthy merchant of this place having some business with the governors, accidentally got sight of the boy. His appearance was prepossessing, and capacity promising. Mr. Whitland was struck with his manner, and further interested by finding he was related to him; in consequence of which, he took him to his own house; and having no family, or nearer kin, took the generous resolution of adopting him as a son. Young Sydenham was not insensible of, or ungrateful for, the benefit; but attend-

ed

ed assiduously in the counting-house, and exerted himself to the utmost in his patron's interest. Attention excited indulgence; and Sydenham, from being approved, became beloved. He was no more to toil at the desk, but be the acknowledged nephew and heir to the opulent Whitland. He was sent on the grand tour, taught every accomplishment, and reaped all the advantages which an only beloved child could expect. The first attachment Sydenham formed, was with a lady of family and high expectations. Her friends were satisfied with the prospects of her young lover, and their hopes were sanctioned by general approbation. Though possessing many amiable qualities, I do not represent my friend as faultless. Petulance and extravagance were too prematurely encouraged by indiscriminate indulgence. By these failings, Sydenham got himself entangled in unforeseen difficulties; yet he as often trusted to the fondness of his uncle to extricate him, and as often was successful. This, unfortunately, instead of checking his extravagance, served to encourage it, till he went such lengths, as to fear making Mr. Whitland acquainted with his embarrassments. But as his marriage was to take place in a very few months, he doubted not but his uncle would then come forward with a handsome establishment for him, which was a material point with the friends of the lady to whom he paid his addresses. Matters stood thus when he requested me to attend him on a visit to his betrothed bride; and it was then he candidly informed me of his pecuniary entanglements. I had also an opportunity of observing the extreme affection subsisting between the lovers. Miss Walsingham was, indeed, formed to be beloved; nor could any thing be more striking than the contrast subsisting between her and the rest of her family, who were arrogant, cunning, and avaricious. I soon perceived that their views tended less to the happiness of the amiable girl, than to her situation in life; and frankly communicating my opinion to Sydenham, he was already convinced of

it; but cared little for their motives, while the event would terminate in his happiness. We passed two months at Walsingham Lodge, in a succession of amusements, when a trivial accident at once terminated the joys and hopes of my unfortunate friend. Returning one day from a week's excursion to Spa, the servant delivered to Sydenham two letters; one of which, he told him, arrived the day we left the Lodge. Sydenham broke the seal eagerly; he turned pale as he perused it. It was from Mr. Whitland. He was very ill, and begged him to hasten home immediately on the receipt of it. The other was from his head clerk, informing Sydenham, that his uncle was much worse, and wished much to see him. Sydenham was much agitated: Not a selfish thought occupied his mind, I am well convinced. We ordered post horses immediately, and hastened hither. Thus far I have proceeded methodically: but, oh, my dear Sir, how shall I relate the horrid catastrophe? When we arrived, Mr. Whitland was no more!! Never did my eyes behold a greater struggle of manly feeling than was depictured in the expressive features of my friend. "Bless me, Sir," said Gilbert, the clerk, with affected condolence, "you may well take on, Sir; for who would have thought it?" "I did, indeed, expect to find my dear uncle still living," sighed Sydenham. "Who was with him when—?" He could not say more; but the answer of Gilbert roused him from his deep dejection. "Only the nurse, and the solicitor, and myself, Sir. I was witness to my master's will. He has left me fifty pounds, and the solicitor three times as much; besides many other charitable donations: and I can assure you, Sir, that I was very sorry to see your name struck out. But my master was very much offended at your not coming when he first wrote: he never forgave it with his dying breath." "Great God!" exclaimed Sydenham, "do I understand you!" The sudden change of his countenance alarmed me: I entreated him to be composed while we investigated the affair. The solicitor confirmed

ed the intelligence. In a fit of resentment, Whitland had altered his will, and left the bulk of his fortune to the endowment of a charity school, not bequeathing one shilling to my wretched friend. I dismissed the people, and ordered some wine. With difficulty I prevailed on him to take a glass. He seemed for some time lost in thought; then suddenly grasping my hand, he said, "Thus in one moment a beggar. Well, well, I have deserved this; I must go to prison: That I could bear. I must lose Emilia: that, though hard, must be borne also. But how can I endure the thought that my friend, my benefactor, has died, in doubt of my gratitude! Every link in this chain of misery is binding my brain to torture. Something must be done." Again he pressed my hand, and moved towards the door. "Where are you going?" "Only up stairs," he replied: "I shall be better when I have seen him once more." With these words he left me; and thinking him in the right, I walked out into the garden, till hastily summoned by the outcries of the servants: They told a tale of horror. Sydenham had rushed into his uncle's room, snatched two pistols from the chimney piece, and placing one at each ear, fired, and fell lifeless on the corpse of his once loved patron! You may judge what I have suffered in witnessing this dreadful event, and relating it to Miss Walsingham. Poor girl! she is, perhaps, an equal object of pity. Alas! how many have been made miserable by the rash tenacity of a capricious old man!

Your afflicted friend,

LEONARD ANDERTON.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LVIII.

[Continued from page 297.]

WHEN I read, during the month of May, of fashionable routes, balls, card-parties, music parties, and other inventions to kill time, and spend money, both which might be much better applied, I am lost in equal pity and astonishment. That the young, gay, and the tasteless, of all ages and descriptions, should be drawn into the vortex of dissipation during winter, is not so much the object of wonder; but that any human being should be so depraved, as to prefer the smoke of tapers to the light of the sun, and the effluvia of crowded rooms to the perfume of opening flowers, and the various charms of rural nature, is to me a paradox which reason in vain attempts to solve, and which the warmest votary of pleasure would find it impossible to reconcile to any principle of genuine unsophisticated enjoyment.

How dull and insipid to the lover of nature must the finest concert appear, compared with the harmony of the groves! Can chalked floors vie with the verdant carpet of Flora? or the attar of roses, diffused over the impure atmosphere of a heated room, recreate the spirits like the native sweets of the lilac in blossom, or the whitened hawthorn bush?

At the approach of the sweetest of the vernal months, I exclaim, with rapture, in the language of Darwin,

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet MAY! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
And rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light Graces, dress'd in flowery wreaths,
And tip-toe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throngs,
On quivering fin, and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee Goddess of the spring.

Those, however, who prefer being pent up in cities, when they might have it in their power to enjoy the country, can have little conception of the beauties of Nature; and are generally as inattentive to her various operations, as they are ignorant of the most innocent and delicious pleasures. By habit, their tastes and their faculties become perverted: they are incessantly engaged in the pursuit of expensive or destructive amusements, while cheap and salutary ones invite them to partake.

In spring, how varied and innocent are the enjoyments which the country presents! If music delights, where can a rival or an equal be found for the lark, the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale! If beauty captivates, and elegance attracts, the variegated flower, the blossomed shrub, unfolds charms, which not to admire, is to be lost to all the finer sensibilities of taste!

It is in the power of but comparatively few to command the tinsel toys of fashion, and to enter into the artificial pastimes of the great: but it should be the consolation of those who are debarred from harassing follies, to reflect, that if they possess cultivated minds, and a love of simple pleasures, which are every where within their reach, they may be much happier without them.

O, taste corrupt! estrang'd to bliss,
To smiling peace, and happiness;
Perish your hated, baneful sway!
And haste! O haste! propitious day,
When, NATURE, thou, who charms the wise,
Shalt with redoubled honors rise!

Can splendid domes, and gay alcoves,
Compare with verdant waving groves?
Can Persian carpets' richest dye
With Nature's velvet vesture vie?
Or breathes so soft the lulling lute,
And soft meanders of the flute,

As

As lovesick Philomela's lay,
Join'd with the concert of the spray,
When young-ey'd SPRING awakes the year,
And choristers the woodlands cheer?

To the eye of native taste,
To the uncorrupted breast,
Shines so bright the diamond's blaze,
The masquerade, or mingled rays
Which a thousand flambeaux pour
O'er the health-destroying hour,
As the rustic's cheerful dance,
When Hesper bids the stars advance;
The blithesome frolics of the green,
Where love and innocence are seen;
Where beauty shines without disguise,
And heart-felt passions light the eyes?

MAVOR'S *Ode to Nature.*

It has ever been my study to inculcate in the young a taste for Natural History, which is so intimately connected with a fondness for rural life and harmless delights. Not only the mind is improved by such pursuits, but health of body is essentially promoted; and I cannot better consult the welfare of my young readers, than in directing their attention to some objects which at this season of the year more particularly interest or amuse.

The study of botany has been repeatedly recommended as one of those which adds to the accomplishments of the female character, and encreases the sphere of its enjoyments. To enumerate all the flowers that are profusely strewed over the lap of May, would be inconsistent with the nature of this paper; but a few may be indicated, to invite the search of the inquisitive. The hyacinth, the wood anemone, the wild germander of azure blue, the yellow crowfoot, the water violet, with many others, besides those which the gardens produce, lure the botanist from the house to the fields, and from towns to the country.

In regard to animated nature, it may be observed, that with the first settled warm weather the birds of passage arrive; the different species of swallows, the cuckoo, the nightingale, the fern-owl, the fly-catcher, and

and the sedge-bird. Spring too is the season of incubation, and of breeding their young; and all the harmony which then delights the ear, is the voice of love, of duty, or of affection.

Nor is it uninteresting to notice the appearance of some of the more beautiful insects, such as moths and butterflies, and to watch the progress from an unseemly caterpillar to a painted denizen of the sky. The glow-worm, the female of which alone is luminous, begins to shine about the end of May, and lights her torch to direct her winged mate. These little creatures, which have justly been characterized as

Stars of the earth, and diamonds of the night,

generally extinguish their lamps between eleven and twelve at night, and lie concealed till the dews of the succeeding evening begin to fall.

Of all the insect tribes, however, which this country produces, the bees are the most wonderful, and are best entitled to the attention of the naturalist. Those in hives send out their earlier swarms about the beginning of June, with a queen at the head of each colony, who directs the motions of her followers. If left to themselves, they would generally retire to a hollow tree; but man contrives to provide them with a dwelling, and repays himself with their honied spoils. There is a great degree of cruelty in the manner by which the labours of the bees are secured; and it is to be lamented by the humane, that creatures whose instincts and œconomy are so admirable, and whose wits are so productive, cannot be robbed, without being destroyed also.

The enthusiastic lover of Nature feels not only for every thing that breathes, but with reluctance crops the lovely flower before its bloom is past. The studies and habits connected with the researches to which I would call my readers, have a peculiar tendency, not only to draw the mind from frivolous pursuits, but likewise to harmonize the affections, and to diffuse a placid joy over the heart. But they can neither be enjoyed

enjoyed, nor pursued, except in the country; and therefore the following apostrophe of ARMSTRONG will forcibly wind up this monitory essay:

> Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
> A body free of pain, of cares a mind,
> Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
> While yet ye breathe, away—the rural wilds
> Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I WILL not apologize for intruding on your goodness, as your benevolent mind is ever ready to afford assistance to the junior part of your own sex: permit me, therefore, to assure you, that though circumstances will not admit of my disclosing my real name, that your advice will prove of infinite service. I am an orphan, possessing a genteel independance, and have receivedwhat the world terms a tolerable education. Residing in a regular respectable family in the country, our time is not devoted to dissipation, consequently I have much on my hands. The favor I would request of you, my dear Madam, is to give me your opinion on the most proper method of improving my time. It is true, music, drawing, or reading, will always amuse leisure hours: yet I cannot avoid questioning myself, in the midst of my most favorite pursuits, whether I am engaged as becomes a rational being, and a Christian. Deprived of maternal tenderness and admonition, I feel dependant on myself, and entreat you to assist my efforts to act with virtue and propriety, and lay up resources for that period of life, when the pleasures of the world lose their charms, and afford no consolation.

I remain, dear Madam,
Your constant Reader,
EMMA STANLEY.

ON MODERN TASTE AND STYLE.

ALTHOUGH it may appear presumptuous to anticipate any of the decisions of posterity, it seems not improbable that, a century hence, the present may be denominated the Age of Taste. Taste is a word which occurs more frequently than any other in all our printed annals, and our posterity must naturally imagine, that it was a principle which in our times pervaded all animated nature, and all moveable art. What it is, those who come after us may be as much at a loss to define, as we are ourselves; but that it is something, and a very important something, they must conclude from every species of evidence.

It would, however, be prudent in us to afford our childrens' children some data by which they might form an idea of this universal principle or passion. We cannot, it is hoped, be wholly inattentive to our character in future times; and it behoves us, therefore, to remove those perplexities which obscure them, and must hereafter render our conduct paradoxical. But in what manner we can do this, by what laws we shall reduce our taste to a common standard, by what means we shall limit the objects of taste, or persuade our successors that we have not forgot the meaning of the word, are difficulties which appear insuperable. So many usurpers have arisen to dictate in all matters of taste, and to extend its boundaries over persons and things it was never intended to controul, that we despair of seeing a regular government established in place of that revolutionary tribunal, which changes its laws and regulations, at least, every moon, and leaves no room for reflection, or appeal to original principles.

At this season of the year, taste presides over routes, and balls, and dinners. In these we perceive that it consists of the aggregate of crowded rooms, chalked floors, and variegated lamps. When these are describ-

ed by the able historian, whose province it is to record such associations, we seem to have all which association can give us. In those splendid entertainments which formerly were denominated dinners and suppers, but which, by a fortunate coalition, are thrown into one, and called *dinner-suppers*, taste is displayed in an exhibition of articles, some of which are not intended, and some are unfit, to be eat; and extreme taste, or that which merits and receives the eulogiums of the historian above mentioned, consists in the lateness of the hour of assembling. Hence some have supposed that taste is more particularly connected with midnight; and that the light of the sun, for some reasons not openly avowed, has of late years become particularly obnoxious to persons of true taste.

When we have once agreed to regulate our time by the principles of taste, it is but a slight transition to place our dress under the same controul; but here it must be confessed, we are every day departing farther and farther from any thing like a standard. A few years ago, taste prescribed that dress should not only be applied to decorate the person, but to become an integral part of the human body; hence the addition of cork rumps, wax bosoms, and other articles necessary to complete the work which nature had very unaccountably left unfinished. But taste, which sometimes enjoins superfluities, will at others deny its votaries common necessaries; and, accordingly, has lately prescribed that nature, which, by the former experiments, was found incapable of improvement, should be publicly exposed, and those objects displayed which had been concealed for near a century before. This is now, in a great measure, *true taste*, and has been attended with some very singular effects in the manufacturing world. We are assured by an eminent artist, that a dress may now be made so exceedingly fine and thin, that it may be either carried in a pocket-book, or conveyed by the two-penny post to any part of the town.

But

But while this taste prevails with the female habiliments, the gentlemen have a rule of taste peculiar to themselves, and which can best be described by saying, that it is the very reverse of the former. With the ladies, it is the object to shew how little will do for dress; with the gentlemen, how much they can carry without fatigue. Hence the total disuse of silk, linen, and cambric, and the substitution of broad cloth and leather. But this too is taste, and as such has the effect of law. The lords of the creation have taylors and boot-makers for their preceptors, and jockies or coachmen for their examples. With such instruction, how can they be otherwise than deeply learned in affairs of taste?

In our amusements, we have likewise a taste appropriate to them. This in the drama is no longer the province of the author, but of the scene-painter, the scene-shifter, and the carpenter: nor would it be just to deprive the musical composer of his due share in this compound taste, for he has done wonders. By dressing the author's dialogue sometimes in a solemn suite of semibreves, and sometimes in the plain garb of minims; by sometimes helping him out with crotchets, and sometimes pricking him on with quavers and semiquavers; he has given to gross nonsense a refined taste, and has kept incapacity out of sight with astonishing ingenuity.

In books, too, there is a taste not very different from this; for as in the drama our taste depends on the painter, carpenter, and musician, so in books we owe it to the stationer, the printer, the engraver, and the book-binder. The stationer affords superfine wire-wove paper hot-pressed; the printer supplies types as fine as copper-plates, "with a rivulet of text flowing through a meadow of margin;" and the binder makes the author pass for a man of taste, by his *elegantiss. compact. cor. Turcic. fol. deaurat.* &c. or *elegam. relie en Maroquin feuil. dorées.*

But while every article of life has a taste affixed to it, it cannot be concealed, that some have very seriously objected to the word; and at present, if our information be not incorrect, another is substituted which is yet more unintelligible, and consequently better adapted to general purposes. This is STYLE. One man lives in a very genteel style, while another rode his horse last sunday, in the Park, in a very pretty style. Mrs. Siddons's style of playing *Lady Macbeth* is much admired, but not more than Mr. Hoby's style of boot-tops. Mr. Fox's style of oratory is supposed to resemble that of Demosthenes; but no comparison has yet been found for the style in which Lady ——'s ball-room was chalked last Wednesday. Few men are much commended for their prudent conduct in domestic arrangements; but some of the most celebrated heroes of Bond-street are celebrated for doing things in style.

So general is the application of this magical word, that the newspaper critics have had a prodigious addition to their necessary employments, and are sometimes expatiating on the style of an epic poem, and sometimes descanting on the style of a grand dinner; sometimes examining the style of a treaty, and at other times enlarging on the style of a song; sometimes displaying their architectural taste on the style of a suite of rooms, and sometimes proving the diversity of their talents in the style of a *pas des deux*—Sometimes informing us that a Member of Parliament spoke in an animated style, and sometimes expatiating on the interesting style of a girl who appeared at the Old Bailey for stealing quart-pots.—Sometimes they describe the most stylish dresses at the Opera; and sometimes they repose on the style of Madam Recamier's bed; or instruct us in the style which has changed a tub into a chariot, and a coach-box into a dicky.

From these specimens it appears that style may in time accomplish the abolition of taste, and that, upon the

the whole, it may be more safe and useful, since there are a few who yet remember the old meaning of *taste*. It remains, however, to be added, that there are some affairs of high life and low life, to which neither taste nor style can be applied. There is nothing yet said to be stylish in the common disorders to which mankind are subject, such as fevers, &c. nor have we heard of any man of fashion having a fit of the gout in a good style. Nervous complaints, indeed, are in some degree connected with style; and there are taste and elegance in the hectic flush, of which we hear frequently. But in general, pain is not very interesting, nor is there any standard of taste in agonies. As to death, it has long been voted a *bore;* and no person of *ton* will allow it to be mentioned with patience.

Nor has style been yet extended to the affairs of the nation: nobody speaks of the style of the late war, (which, indeed, was somewhat confused,) nor of the late peace. An act of parliament has yet nothing genteel or stylish about it. Nor are the courts of law under any order in this respect. We hear now and then of a barrister giving a stylish dinner, or making a stylish figure at a masquerade; but he deserves none of this praise when he addresses a jury. Our judges give no charges in a stylish manner; and although criminals are dressed in style, and "look very interesting," they are transported or hanged in the most vulgar manner imaginable. It cannot be denied, however, that some men, by an excess of attention to the fleeting style or taste of the day, have brought themselves into those situations which are extremely aukward for a gentleman, because nothing in which he is accomplished can be of the least service.

May 13*th*. R. S.

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA:

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

[Concluded from Page 304.]

CHAP. VI.

DE Valcour was prevented from continuing the narrative by the return of Tyrault. He had succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations; the Baroness had expressed the keenest remorse for her late conduct; affected to throw the whole blame on the criminal Ambrose; and waited only for the presence of Julian, and her injured daughter-in-law, to make ample restitution, explain several interesting particulars, and then throw herself penitent and unprotected on their mercy. This was a favourable moment, not to be neglected. Julian had attached the band to him by his gentle manners, and manly endurance of calamity. They agreed unanimously on dissolving his oath of association; substituting only one, by which he was bound not to betray any of their secrets; and he then obtained an honourable discharge. Tyrault conducted them by subterraneous passes to the hut in the wood; and Bertha, with astonishment, discovered that she had been confined within a mile of the Castle di Montalpine. Tyrault, who was now the chief of the Independents, selected a few, on whose fidelity he could depend, to escort his friends to the castle, at the gates of which he took an affectionate leave; assuring De Valcour, that, in any hour of distress or peril, they should ever find assistance and refuge where he was. The lady Valeria, in sable robes, hastened to meet them: her countenance was marked with deep despondency; her eye alternately glistened with a tear of despair,

despair, or brightened with a gleam of kindling hope. The deportment of Bertha was neither exulting nor servil: she returned the salutation of the Baroness with civility, but shrunk from her extended hand, and rested for support on the ready arm of Julian, who cheered her with encouraging looks. In the spacious saloon a collation was prepared; every thing seemed to wear an air of awful preparation; for the chair of the late Baron was placed beneath a small canopy, over which waved a vast plume of black feathers: his banqueting robe was thrown across the seat, and his sword suspended across by an embroidered scarf. The Baroness placed herself in a seat on one side, while she motioned to Bertha to take that on the other; and Julian placed himself opposite to the Baroness. For some moments a mournful silence prevailed. Bertha was too deeply affected to speak, and Valeria seemed absorbed in gloomy meditation. Breaking silence at length, she pledged Julian in a goblet of wine. "It is of no use," said she, sighing, "to waste our time thus. I have much to say; and though the subject is painful, it must be entered on. Refresh yourselves, and we will proceed to business.—Alice," continued she, turning to the person who waited behind her chair, "on the table in my chamber you will find a sealed paper: bring it hither." The heart of Bertha was too full to permit her to taste the sumptuous fare set before her. Julian selected the choicest dishes for her; but her efforts to eat were ineffectual. Alice returned with the paper, which the Baroness delivered to Julian, and then addressed him with much solemnity, after ordering the attendants to withdraw. "The implacable hatred I have hitherto ever entertained for you, Julian, I know not how to account for." (Julian turned pale with horror.) "It seemed interwoven in my nature, and has led me on to the commission of acts, at the remembrance of which I now shudder. That paper you will find to be the true will of the unfortunate Baron, entrusted by him to my care soon after our marriage.

marriage. Bertha is thereby his sole heiress, though an ample jointure has been allowed for me." Bertha leaned over Julian to peruse it. The Baroness called for more wine; the attendants were withdrawn; she rose, brought some from the sideboard, and filled the goblets. "Bertha," said she, raising her voice, "your father never cursed you. That will was his only one; he died pronouncing his forgiveness and blessing on you." "Eternal Providence be praised," exclaimed Bertha: "I may yet be happy." She sunk on her knees in the fervency of rapture, while imagination pictured the spirit of her father regarding her with pity and pardon.

"But," said Julian, "how are we to account for the mysterious threatenings by which our fate was accelerated?" "By the chemical skill of father Ambrose," said Valeria, with a forced smile, "they were all affected. His voice was that which menaced you; and his hand traced with phosphoric characters the prediction which accident has since fulfilled. Early superstition, which is seldom eradicated, aided by concurrent circumstances, and your own consciousness of misconduct, all conspired to make our plan succeed. The pannel on which the terrific words were written, turned on a swivel; and in my apartment, where the whole plan was contrived and executed, you may behold and examine the apparatus. It was necessary you should quit the castle, that Ambrose might escape detection, while his association with the Independents rendered it an easy matter to keep you still within our power. Upon considering the whole of our proceedings, you will find how much you have been the dupes of your own credulity; though that consideration does not lessen our crime." The Baroness paused; she seemed yet struggling with some secret. She gazed alternately at De Valcour and Bertha; then rose from her seat, and walked precipitately about the room. The wildness of her looks terrified Bertha: she besought her to be pacified, and, after much entreaty,

she

she returned to the table. "I know," said she, in an altered tone, "what I have to expect from your generosity. I injured you; was accessary to the murder of your father; for that you owe me vengeance. You are restored to your rights, have avenged yourself on your persecutor, have repaid blood with blood; and now satiated, may in pity for a repenting, defenceless woman, connive at her escape from justice; allow her an annuity; and bid her linger out her days in obscurity, a prey to the horrors of a guilty conscience. This will be your mercy, if I submit. But know, foolish pair! I disdain such pity. You are in my power; not I in thine. In the book of destiny it was written, that Valeria should live infamous, and die triumphant in revenge." "For heaven's sake, what mean you!" cried Julian, rising, and seizing her arm, while his heart seemed to sicken with dreadful forebodings: "we mean not to exult over or to insult you." Valeria burst into a convulsive laugh. 'I know it, I know it!" cried she. "You have little time for exultation. Summon the attendants; let me be seized, bound, and carried to the place of execution: I have more murders than one to answer for. Fools! to think Valeria penitent. Nay, nay; embrace once more; you have not long for such endearments. Your drink was poisoned!" Bertha shrieked with horror, "I have not tasted it!" O, Julian! my Julian! Inhuman woman, you have killed your son!" De Valcour began to feel the effects of the baneful drink: he grasped the hand of Bertha with agony, thanked heaven for her preservation, and confirmed to the distracted Valeria the dreadful truth which Bertha had just uttered. Words cannot describe the feelings of the wretched woman whose malice had recoiled on herself. She tore her hair in phrenzy, and would have plunged a knife in her own bosom, but that the attendants at that moment rushed in, and wrested the weapon from her hand. The zealous Tyrault was amongst them: he supported his dying friend, whose last moment

ment was hastily approaching. "I feel," said he, "mortal aid would now be vain. I die the victim of the most diabolical treachery. Protect my lovely wife; her only fault was that of being too tenderly attached to one, who has but brought her into endless misery. Bertha, my beloved, farewell. We may meet in happier regions; for we are guiltless, and our earthly disobedience has met an earthly punishment. Unhappy mother! I forgive thee!" Bertha clung round him till forcibly dragged from his lifeless body. The Baroness yielded herself up to justice, and suffered the due punishment of her crimes with that insensibility which is often mistaken for heroism, but is too frequently the last refuge of a turbulent spirit, and an impious soul. Bertha found a zealous and active friend in Tyrault: he arranged her affairs with fidelity, and gave her every consolation in his power. But her heart had received too deep a wound to admit of future happiness; and resolving on retirement, she devoted the greater part of her fortune to the endowment of a convent, in which she passed the remainder of her days. In commemoration of her own sad story, she founded the order of Disobedients, enjoining a life of the strictest piety and severest penance. Of this order she remained superior some years; and at her death was laid beside her dear Julian in the family vault; and a simple marble tablet in the convent chapel bears record of the fate of the two faithful and unfortunate lovers. By the will of the Lady Bertha, Tyrault, who was an orphan, succeeded to the estate; and his heirs for many centuries were possessors of the Castle di Montalpine, while gratitude has perpetuated in their hearts the virtues of the unhappy pair.

THE

ON THE PASSION OF LOVE.

ALL serious and strong expressions of the passion of love appear ridiculous to a third person; and though a lover may be good company to his mistress, he is so to nobody else: he himself is sensible of this; and, as long as he is in his sober senses, endeavours to treat his passion with raillery and ridicule. It is the only style in which we care to hear of it, because it is the only style in which we ourselves are disposed to talk of it. We grow weary of the grave and long-sentenced love of Cowley and Petrarch, who have never done with exaggerating the violence of their attachments; while the gaiety of Ovid, and the gallantry of Horace, are always agreeable. But what fashionable lover ever painted his passion for a lovely mistress, with such brief tenderness and effect as the village chorister of Hanover did, on the death of a young and beautiful country girl, with whom he was enamoured? who, after erecting, in the cemetery of the cathedral, a sepulchral stone to her memory, carved, in an artless manner, the figure of a blooming rose on its front, and inscribed beneath it these words, *C'est ainsi qu'elle fut.*

S. Z.

THE UNFEELING FATHER.

A FRAGMENT.

"DOES nature refuse to plead for me," (said Miranda, kneeling before him,) "or does she plead in vain?" "You broke the sacred bonds of nature," said the old man, when you left a father's fond protection, and a mother's tender care, to pursue the fortune of

of the only man on earth whom they detested." "An heavenly Father," exclaimed Miranda, "forgives the sins of his children; and shall an earthly parent deny the charitable boon a repentant child demands of him?" "To that heavenly Father, then," replied he, ",I recommend you; my doors are no longer open to receive you; I have made a vow, which shall never be broken. Let the friends of your husband protect his darling—you are mine no more." "But these children, Sir—Alas! what have they done? Leave *me* to the cruel fate that awaits me; but suffer not *them* to perish."

"They are none of mine," said the stern parent; "I will never press them in my arms, they shall never sit upon my knees. I will foster no more ingratitude. Let him who begot them, take the spade and mattock, and get them bread. No office is beneath the affection of a parent, when children have not been ungrateful—I am yours no more."

This was the fatal dialogue between Miranda and her father, in the porch of his house; for she was admitted no further. He shut the door against her, and retired to his chamber. The wind blew, and the rain beat hard, and she dared not encounter the tempest; she remained in the porch—pressed her shivering babes to her bosom, and hoped that the morning's dawn would bring mercy along with it. But when the morning dawned, she was no more! The servants found her a clay-cold corpse, and the two children, weeping beside it.

When Malvolio was called to see the spectacle, he sunk down on the floor: life, indeed, returned, but peace abandoned him for ever. He loves the children; but says, heaven, in all its stores of mercies, has not one for him.

FALSE DELICACIES:

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[Continued from page 317.]

The Scene lies in Celia's Country House.

SCENE IV.

LUCINDA *and the* CHEVALIER.

(*The* Chevalier *appears at the bottom of the scene; comes softly forward, and stops a few paces from* Lucinda, *who does not see him.*)

Chevalier. O HEAVEN! she sighs, and is in tears. (Lucinda *hears a noise, looks round, perceives the* Chevalier; *screams out; rises, and then falls into her chair. The* Chevalier *throws himself at her feet.*) Ah! Lucinda, will you pardon the most passionate lover an artifice!—

Lucinda. You have deceived me! and heard what I said!

Chevalier. No, I heard you not; but I now see you, and this moment is the happiest of my life.

Lucinda. (*Apart.*) He heard nothing—I might—(*She meditates.*)

Chevalier. You turn away your face, Lucinda. Ah, my dear Lucinda! grant me my pardon, or I die at your feet.

Lucinda. Rise, Sir.—(*Apart.*) I am played upon. I can, however, revenge myself, and try him at the same time.

Chevalier. Alas! I dare not speak to you, your looks alarm and intimidate me.—Your anger distresses me.—

O, Heaven! I have read your mind, and am still unfortunate!

Lucinda. (Apart.) What presumption! He must be punished—and be made sensible of it.

Chevalier. Your silence distracts me.

Lucinda. (Aloud.) I do not reproach you. You must be sensible yourself, how far your conduct is blameable. You not only make use of artifice and falsehood towards me; but you spy out the secrets of my heart, and discover them whether I will or no. You have seen my disorder and tears: it is no longer time to dissimulate.

Chevalier. (Desirous still to throw himself at her feet.) Ah, Lucinda! must this secret at last be made known? It is in offending you, in rendering me culpable, that I at last begin to know you. Alas! in the midst of the transports that agitate me, the regret of my fault is paramount to every other sentiment.

Lucinda. I have a favour to ask you; which is, to allow me to speak without interruption. Will you promise me?

Chevalier. Your orders are sacred laws.

Lucinda. Hear me, and do not forget my request. I entered into the world with the strongest prepossessions against men in general; they sprang up with me from infancy: the bad connections they induced me to make, still strengthened my opinion. Having gained my freedom, I endeavoured to preserve it. I despised love, and was a long time before I feared it: this security has undone me. Under the veil of friendship, my heart and reason were seduced; and soon felt all the tyranny of the most violent passion. I became the victim of it: jealousy crept into my heart; I felt all the horror of it. At last, given up to the most frightful torments, I endeavoured to overcome them. This hope supported my courage; but I have lost it: and, sure of not being beloved, I feel I must either die or speak.

Chevalier. Sure of not being beloved!—Can you doubt it?—

Lucinda.

Lucinda. We do not understand each other, Chevalier. You have passed near three years without seeing me, without giving me any tidings of you; you have given me this day to understand, that you even love me no longer.

Chevalier. And you believe that I have ceased one instant to adore you?

Lucinda. Yes, I do believe it: I am persuaded of it, and this idea comforts me.

Chevalier. O heaven! and by what whim?—

Lucinda. Will you never understand me? I love, I love passionately, an ingrate.—I have no reason to complain; he has never promised me any thing more than friendship: The smallest return on his part would make me happy; but I dare not hope it, much less dare I declare it to himself. Do you now understand me?

Chevalier. Every word you pronounce creates in me a new idea. I begin no longer to understand you, and the obscurity of your discourse is insupportable to me. Speak; free me from a situation that kills me.

Lucinda. (Apart.) To conclude,—let us see if he is truly generous;—if he is, in short, worthy of me.—*(Aloud.)* You surprised me in tears; you have betrayed from me my secret; you are honest and sensible. Shudder at my misfortunes.—I love your friend.

Chevalier. Who? the Marquis!!—

Lucinda. The very same.

Chevalier. O, cruel woman! with what barbarity you plunge a dagger to the bottom of my heart!—No, this fatal confidence is only an artifice, invented to drive me to despair. What do I say?—Unfortunate!—Alas! you love him! I am but too sure of it. But why chuse *me* for the confident of this fatal secret?

Lucinda. As the dearest friend of him I love. Besides, I have never believed that you had a real passion for me.

Chevalier. Alas! I have never ceased loving you. In vain have I endeavoured to drive such a tender sen-

timent from me. At least, I thought you insensible. How could I deceive myself so long?—But I leave you; and will remove myself for ever: You shall see me no more. Why have I seen you again? Fatal journey!

Lucinda. You astonish me: I did not think you possessed such a sensible mind. But, in short, if it is true that you really loved me, sacrifice your happiness to mine. Remember you have drawn from me my secret; and you ought not to take advantage of it, by overwhelming me with a new affliction.

Chevalier. Have you then never loved me? How long, pray, has this fatal passion possessed you?

Lucinda. Ever since I knew the object of it.

Chevalier. And Celia?

Lucinda. I have not connected myself with her in so intimate a manner, but to draw in more readily the poison that destroys me. But can you conceive the horrible torment of having my rival always before me? to see her adored; to be the third person between her and her lover; the confident of both; and to enfold in my heart the most violent passions; love, hatred, jealousy: to shew indifference where I adore, and friendship where I detest! Such for two years has been my situation.

Chevalier. You make me shudder: and at this moment, pity gives way to regret. Say, Madam, what service can I do you? What would you of me? I am ready to obey you.

Lucinda. Can you?

Chevalier. Yes, I swear to you I will.

Lucinda. Well then, speak for me; explain sentiments, that I cannot without blushing.

Chevalier. O heaven! would you have me inform my rival that he is beloved?

Lucinda. Do you refuse me?

Chevalier. But do you recollect, Madam, at whose house we are? Have you forgot what inviolable and sacred engagement unites him to Celia?

Lucinda.

Lucinda. She does not love him: she has told you so herself.

Chevalier. And have not I told you to day that *I* no longer loved *you?*

Lucinda. I cannot conquer your delicacy; I see it. Adieu, Chevalier.

Chevalier. Stay, stay, cruel, as you are! To what do you reduce me? At least, pity my situation. Comfort me, pity me, and I will obey.

Lucinda. (Apart.) Ought I to pursue it farther?

Chevalier. You turn from my sight! To what excess you hate me!

Lucinda. (Apart.) How extreme is my uneasiness!—*(Aloud.)* I pity you. I can no more.

Chevalier. Adieu, Madam. I will try to find out the Marquis, and labour for your happiness. When he knows he is beloved, you will have no other rival, and I shall have no more a friend. Adieu; may you be happy! Adieu. *(The* Marquis *arrives, and stops.)*

SCENE V.

LUCINDA, *the* CHEVALIER, *and the* MARQUIS.

Marquis. Whither hasten you, Chevalier?

Chevalier. You have detained me in spite of myself. You knew, without doubt, the lot that awaited me.—Yes, I am too unfortunate not to be again deceived by friendship. Forget an unfortunate rival; know your happiness: it ought to be very valuable to you to know it from myself. Value and enjoy it, though accompanied with the blackest ingratitude.

Lucinda. Stay. *(The* Chevalier *stops a moment, and then goes out in haste.)*

Marquis. (Apart.) This is a scene which surprises me greatly, but cannot impose upon me.—*(Aloud to* Lucinda.*)* You may do what you will; he shall not leave us to day. I have given orders to that effect, and he will neither find horses or carriage.

Lucinda. (Apart.) How that revives me! *(They both observe some moments silence.)*

Marquis. Well then, Madam, you have at last acknowledged your affection for me. To tell you the truth, I was always a little doubtful of it. There is but one thing that surprises me; the confident you have chosen. But it is one triumph you were willing to procure me, by humbling my rival. I feel all the delicacy of the proceeding, and my gratitude makes me worthy of it. Your manner of loving touches, affects, and fixes me at last. Celia is more uncertain than ever. For myself, I am decided: and, charming Lucinda, that decision is in your favour. You do not answer! This silence surprises me.

Lucinda. Tell me, Marquis; do you think I can ever pardon you the trick you have played me this evening?

Marquis. And yet it is the time you have chosen to make the avowal of your sentiments for me! What greatness of soul! Speak to me then; quit this modest and touching embarrassment; give yourself up without constraint to the transports that so happy a moment should inspire!!

Lucinda. I cannot comprehend how it is I do not detest you.

Marquis. You are partial to me, you have said so not long ago, because I am a true and zealous friend. Such is the title that solicits my pardon. Will it be obtained? Ah! how you blush!

Lucinda. Ah, Marquis! my destiny is changed; and it is you I thank for it; it is to you alone I owe it.

Marquis. Dear Lucinda, let us have more system, more frankness, more sentiment; let your heart speak, and we shall both be happy.

Lucinda. Somebody is coming. O heaven! it is Celia and the Chevalier! My friend, do not abandon me.

Marquis. Let us hear them before we explain.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The MARQUIS, LUCINDA, CHEVALIER, *and* CELIA.

Chevalier. (To Lucinda.*)* You see me again, Madam; but it is for the last time. Receive my eternal adieu. I am the object of your hatred; you have been the misfortune of my life. I depart, assured of your happiness. Adieu.

Celia. You make no answer, but look both of you on the ground, and are silent! Chevalier, I would detain you a short time, and calm your anger. I cannot believe you in earnest, and at present I cannot persuade myself of what I see. *(To the* Marquis.*)* O heaven! you are not yet justified. One word, alas! sufficed you to be so—It is yet unsaid.—Ingrate! is it possible? *(She falls into an arm chair, oppressed with grief.)*

Marquis. (Very coldly.) Of what do you complain, Madam? You do not love me; I have not reproached you for it. I submit to your rigours, I acknowledge it: this moment consoles me for them.

Celia. I did not love you!—Ah, cruel man! you never thought so. You knew me better than myself. Too much sentiment, an excess of delicacy; these are my crimes: they cost me your heart.—Your heart, and my life. *(To* Lucinda.*)* And you, Madam, you have not then appeared to attach yourself to me, but to pierce my bosom so much the more.—One moment has deprived me of every thing. To whom shall I complain? who will be able to comfort me? Go, go, both of you; hide yourselves from the sight of me. I shall die, I feel I shall; but your remorse will be my revenge.

Chevalier. Where am I, O my God! O day of misfortune, hatred, and perfidy!

Lucinda. (To the Chevalier *very coldly.)* What do you complain of, Sir? Have I ever promised you my love?

love? Do I fail in my word, my promises, my oaths!! Speak.

(The Marquis, *running to throw himself at* Celia's *feet.)* The feint is too serious, and too long; my heart can support it no longer.

Celia. Is it possible!

Lucinda. (To the Chevalier, *giving him her hand.)* Chevalier, if I applaud myself in having promised nothing, it is to enter this very day into the dearest and most agreeable engagement.

Chevalier. Ah! Lucinda! is it really true?

Lucinda. Yes, Chevalier, I loved you from the first moment I knew you. Pride, and caprice, sent you away. Love triumphs to day in his turn; gratitude, esteem, every thing pleads in your favour: but rest assured, that the tenderest and truest love would alone have decided me, without the aid of reason.

Chevalier. Lucinda! my dear Lucinda! can I believe at last in this excess of happiness?

Celia. And we accused them!—and thought them culpable!

Chevalier. (To the Marquis.*)* How great was my mistake! I doubted your friendship: I owe you too much not to rest assured of being pardoned: but what can repair my crime?

Marquis. Your happiness; that which we are all going to enjoy.

Lucinda. My dear Celia, let us forever forget metaphysics, false delicacies, and systems. One faithful and true sentiment is of more value than all the vain reasonings of the mind.

END *of the* THIRD *and* LAST ACT.

May, 1803. I. T.

ON SENSE AND GENIUS.

SENSE and GENIUS are two powers of the understanding. The first compares and judges of what it sees: the other sees and compares what it judges of in a true light. *Sense* is that power by which men defend error with argument; and *genius* that by which they reject error for truth. I shall compare them through all their operations on the mind. *Sense* is so distinct from *genius*, that it may exist without it: *genius* so much superior to *sense*, that *sense* seems to be valuable only in proportion as it partakes of the elevated qualities of *genius*. The eye of *genius* pierces through the mists of custom and prejudice, and sees things not as they *appear*, but as they *are*: the eye of *sense* pervades not the medium, and therefore sees things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*, through it. *Sense* is the dupe of its own powers, which are continually exerted to give specious names, and honorable titles, to the progeny of falsehood; *genius* in a moment discovers the fallacy, and spontaneously distinguishes truth. The unalterable nature of *genius*, is to be free, just, and enlarged; that of *sense*, to be enslaved, partial, and contracted. *Genius*, often without consideration, fixes upon what is right; *sense* generally considers only to make choice of what is wrong. *Genius*, when it does consider, always deduces its opinion from reason; *sense* generally reasons only to defend an opinion already formed. *Genius* is not influenced by the peculiarities of different countries or men; *sense* is controlled by both. *Genius* always looks forward, and not only sees what *is*, but what *necessarily will be*; *sense*, mistaking appearance for reality, builds falsehood upon falsehood, and from present errors deduces future. *Genius*, with respect to subjects that lie beyond its reach, forms probable conjectures, by justly comparing what it sees, and allowing for what it knows to be out of sight; *sense*, not perceiving the connection between

between parts that are seen, and others that are not, proudly concludes that it sees all. *Genius*, therefore, from knowing most, doubts; *sense*, from knowing least, decides. *Genius* is always admirable, even when it deviates into error: *sense* is often despicable, even when it arrives at truth. *Genius* often appears to *sense* to act wrong, merely by acting right; and while *sense* is tied down by rule, *genius* soars above it. What *sense* admires, *genius* despises; and what *genius* loves, *sense* neglects. *Genius* often sees wisdom or virtue, where *sense* only remarks folly or vice; and the contrary: for *genius* distinguishes good and bad, however blended. *Sense* sees only the predominant quality, and having precipitately determined, will afterwards exaggerate, or extenuate, either good or bad in favor of that determination. *Genius* necessarily yields to the demonstration which results from contradictions; *sense*, rather than admit demonstration against a favorite opinion, will suppose a thousand contradictions to be consistent. *Genius* prefers truth, even to itself; *sense*, however it loves truth, always loves itself better. *Sense*, like a winged insect, flutters through the mists that surround this dark spot at a small distance from its surface; *genius*, like a planet, takes a wide circuit through the pure expanse of nature, and visits not regions only, but whole worlds which *sense* does not know to exist. A.

EXEMPLARY PROBITY IN SAVAGE LIFE.

THE Ostiacks, a people of that part of Siberia which borders upon Samoieda, bear the common appellation given to the natives of those countries—that of *Savages:* yet are these savages distinguished by uncorrupted morals: theft and perjury are unknown to them; and they keep inviolable their engagements. Of this

this singular probity, a Swedish officer relates the following remarkable instances. 'In 1792, I set out from Cransnojarsk, on the river Jenisa, accompanied only by a Swedish servant, about 15 years old. Deserted by the Russian guide whom the commandant had given me, I found myself obliged to traverse alone, with this lad, those vast countries inhabitated by Pagans only. I lodged in their huts, and they gave me every accommodation in their power. The small stock of furs I had remained in an open tent, inhabited by a numerous family; and I did not lose the most trifling article. I shall mention another instance of the great integrity of these people. A Russian merchant, travelling from Tobolski to Borisow, took up his quarters for the night in an Ostiack hut. The next day he lost, at some distance from his lodging, a purse containing 100 roubles. The very son of the man from whom he had received such hospitable treatment, returning one day from hunting, happened to pass by the spot on which the purse had fallen; but he saw it, without attempting to take it up. When he returned to his hut, he only observed, that on his way home, he had seen a purse full of silver, and that he had left it there. His father instantly sent him back to the place, and ordered him to cover the purse with earth, and some branches of trees, to secrete it from the eyes of travellers, that the owner might find his property on the same spot, if ever he came back to enquire for it. The purse remained in that place for three months. The Russian, on his return from Borisow, lodged again in the hut of the same hospitable Ostiack, and informed him of the misfortune he had met with in losing his purse the very day that he had left him. 'Ah!' answered the Ostiack, 'it is you then that have lost a purse! Well, make yourself easy; my son shall conduct you to the place where it is, and you may pick it up yourself.' The merchant went accordingly, and found his purse on the very spot where he had dropped it.

FILIAL

FILIAL SENSIBILITY.

A YOUNG gentleman, in the military academy at Paris, eat nothing but soup or dry bread, and drank only water. The governor, attributing this singularity to some excess of devotion, reproved his pupil for it, who, however, continued the same regimen. The governor sent for him again, and informed him, that such singularity was unbecoming him, and that he ought to conform to the rules of the academy. He next endeavoured to learn the reason of this conduct; but as the youth could not be persuaded to impart the secret, he at last threatened to send him back to his family. This menace terrified him into an immediate explanation. "Sir," answered he, "in my father's house I eat nothing but black bread, and of that very little: here I have good soup, and excellent white bread, and may fare luxuriously. But I cannot persuade myself to eat any thing else, when I consider the situation in which I have left my father and mother." The governor could not refrain from tears at this filial sensibility, "Your father," said he, "has been in the army; has he no pension?" "No," replied the youth. "For a twelvemonth past he has been soliciting one; the want of money has obliged him to give up the pursuit; and rather than contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen a life of wretchedness in the country." "Well!" returned the governor, "if the fact is as you have represented it, I promise to obtain for him a pension of 500 livres a year. And since your friends are in such poor circumstances, take these three louis d'ors for your pocket expences; and I will remit your father the first half year of his pension in advance." "Ah! Sir," returned the youth, "as you have the goodness to remit a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add these three louis d'ors to it. Here I have every luxury I can wish for: they would be useless to me; but they would be of great service to my father for his other children."

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

ANECDOTE.

" ——quò fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur."—VIRGIL.

IT was about the middle of October when Mr. Starfield was on his return to the University of Cambridge; but having some business to transact in the town of B——, he purposed stopping there a few days. Besides the business which detained him at B——, he was impelled to stop by an innocent curiosity. His friend, Dovedale, then a student in the University of Oxford, had commenced an attachment in a family there; which his parents not wishing to indulge, or he to give up, he was constrained to make Mr. Starfield his confidant. As Dovedale's attachment was one of the most honourable and sincere, he was very cautious to whom he entrusted the secret: for those who really feel the passion of love, are the least ready to make it known; while they, who fancy themselves in love, make every one their confidant. Dovedale, seeing the necessity of a friend's confidence, thought he could not make a better choice than Mr. Starfield. They had been from their infancy schoolfellows, and never had cause of complaint, until they were sent to separate universities. Dovedale's attachment had continued, and encreased, for some time before his parents discovered it: but the same summer that he was detected, he laid open his heart to his friend Starfield, by whose means he contrived to keep up a correspondence. Dovedale, even by his bosom friend, could never be prevailed on to declare the lady's name: for in love there are many little jeerings which, however innocent, are extremely mortifying to the ear of a lover. It was now, therefore, the wish of Mr. Starfield to discover this family; not through any malicious intention to his friend, but from a curiosity natural to young persons. He had some hopes

of succeeding from many little incidents he had collected from Dovedale's conversation: for when a lover has once met with a true confidant, he cannot, without pain, converse on any other subject; and, notwithstanding his utmost wishes to conceal his secrets, love will at intervals be seen to sparkle in all his words and actions: for, as Shakespeare observes,

"A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
"Than love that would seem hid."

It was near the close of evening, and Mr. Starfield, who had rode on the outside of the coach for the purpose of enjoying the sweet and sober scenery of a mild Autumn, thought proper to remove into the inside to avoid the evening damps. He there found three passengers, two ladies and a gentleman. From what he could gather from their discourse, he inferred that one of the ladies was unconnected with the other two passengers; which was shortly after confirmed by their alighting about eight miles from B——, leaving only Mr. Starfield and the other lady in the coach. Mr. Starfield was at first surprized at her travelling alone, for she seemed scarcely more than eighteen: she, however, said, she had been on a short country visit, and was then returning to her friends at B——. Mr. Starfield thought this a fine opportunity to indulge his curiosity respecting his friend: but it was his chief solicitude to pursue it without betraying the smallest circumstance which might tend to his friend's detriment. Mr. Starfield, indeed, wanted neither sense nor politeness; he had, by a refined education, and generous disposition, attained every accomplishment which constitutes the gentleman. His fair fellow-passenger seemed, by her address, to be of no mean family: she said her name was Westgrove; and he was convinced, by her manner of conversation, that her disposition was at once amiable and refined.

When

When they arrived at B—— it was night. and the lady's servant not being come to the inn to meet her, Mr. Starfield requested, and obtained, the favor of attending her home. He staid supper; and was so much liked by the parents and family of the lady, that he was requested to reside there during his stay at B——.

Beauty, though unable alone to secure love, is often the first source of that passion. But Miss Westgrove wanted neither sweetness of disposition, or liberal accomplishments, to retain that love which her beauty alone was able to excite. Mr. Starfield had now an opportunity both of seeing, and consequently of admiring her. He found that, exclusive of her personal charms, she had a taste for music, poetry, and most of the liberal arts which adorn the female sex. He began to feel in his bosom an unusual sensation, which none but those who have felt can possibly conceive—he felt a pure and honorable love for the daughter of his host. He immediately gave up all thoughts of his useless curiosity respecting his friend's passion, to pursue his own: and not being immediately required at Cambridge, resolved to stay a few weeks.

He soon became intimate with the family, and gained every mark of their esteem. He then thought of nothing but urging his suit; and, if successful, of writing to his friend Dovedale at Oxford, on his happiness of having formed an attachment in the same town with him. No sooner had he commenced lover, than all the sweetly-tormenting delirium of that passion came on him. Though he had a heart susceptible of the warmest impressions, he had too much good sense and education to run into any presumption. Indeed, the real passion of love is itself sufficient to restrain assurance, for it is only the rake or libertine that outsteps the limits of decency. As he knew his fortune to be considerable, he hardly doubted of success; yet he was conscious of the impropriety of making an address on so short an acquaintance. He consequently resolved to make frequent visits, till a better acquain-

tance with each other, might give him the opportunity he wished. He had now but two days more to stay, and grew rather pensive and dejected. He wished, before he went, to give some hint of his passion, but was utterly at a loss how to begin. While he was thus meditating on the subject one afternoon, she entered the room, and, to his utter astonishment and confusion, he saw the portrait of his friend Dovedale suspended on her bosom.

Christ Church, Oxford, BARNEY.
May 10th, 1803.

RURAL FELICITY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

SUCH scenes as I am going to relate, are little understood in the capital; where rural felicity is considered to exist no where but in poetic fiction or romance; and that the raptures of innocent and pathetic love, were never to be found, but in the groves of Arcadia. But the following simple narrative may serve to prove, that this is a mistaken notion, and that this island still affords proofs of true love and real affection.

Robert is the son of a wealthy farmer in Hertfordshire. When he attained the age of maturity, his father allotted him a small portion of land, with a cottage. Here he resided for some time, completely happy, daily attending his flocks, and nightly enjoying those peaceful slumbers, frequently unknown to the rich and great.

Robert had now solaced himself for upwards of a twelvemonth, with his flock and his faithful dog, which had been his chief companions, and engrossed all his attention. But he soon found that he was not unsusceptible of the tender passion.—The moment he saw the lovely Fanny, he felt such sensations as he was before unacquainted with: his heart throbbed with those emotions to which it had been before an utter stranger.

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He viewed her with rapture, which was succeeded by grief at her departure; and, in her absence, involuntary sighs bespoke the ascendancy Fanny had gained over him.

On her part, she was not insensible of the language of Robert's eyes; the only language that had as yet expressed his flame; and they had proved so eloquent, that she found them irrisistible advocates in his favour. In a word, a mutual passion inspired her breast; but she had fortitude sufficient to conceal it till such time as she was convinced of Robert's sincerity.

An opportunity offered, one evening, whilst they were seated on a bank, where they viewed the sportive gambols of the fleecy herds; and Robert, with a sigh, addressed Fanny, saying, "How happy were his flocks to him!" This remark brought on a declaration of the sentiments of his heart, which were accompanied with such vows of truth and sincerity, that she could no longer discredit them; and she yielded to the impulse of her beating heart, to own her fond regard for him. Enraptured at this dicovery, Robert now pressed her to fix a day for the completion of his bliss, by the celebration of their nuptials. Fanny at first evaded making a reply to this entreaty; but, at length, her own wishes so immediately agreeing with Robert's, she yielded to his request.

The assistance of the gentlemen of the robe was not necessary for making settlements, regulating pin-money, and the like. Their marriage took place, and their relations and friends were invited to a homely repast, when no turtle or venison smoked upon their table; nor was the Burgundian vintage called into quench their thirst. Their homely ale was all that graced their side-board; and their viands, though good and wholefome, did not require the aid of a French cook to spoil them.

Several honey-moons have now elapsed since their nuptials, and each succeeding one seems more replete with happiness than the former. Sure then this state may be justly pronounced *rural felicity without alloy.*

Hertford. L. S. G.

THE FOLLY OF SELF-TORMENTING.

MR. Addison says, that when people complain of weariness or indisposition in good company, they should be immediately presented with a night-cap, as a hint, that it would be best for them to retire. I own, I am one of those, that have ho idea of carrying either my cares, or my infirmities, out of my own habitation, except in such instances as I am sensible they can receive relief, or mitigation. Why should I unnecessarily wound the good-nature of my friend, or make myself contemptible to my enemies? If the communication of my grievances really interrupts the satisfaction of those amongst whom I am cast, I have hurt them without benefitting myself; and, on the contrary, if they only dissemble with me, it is a species of ridicule which my mind is not calculated to sustain—But you will allow me to observe, that I confine myself on this occasion to the valetudinarian, and the magnifier of trifles into calamities—for to deny the severely attacked, whether mentally or corporally, the relief of complaining, would be to strike at the root of humanity, and forfeit the characteristics of our nature.

To come, however, more immediately to the point, I must say, that I have, perhaps, the most curious set of relations ever heard of. My mother, poor woman, her afflictions are sanctioned by their poignancy and sincerity; the loss of the man she loved, and a consequential decay of constitution: but then I have an aunt that is ever more upon the rack of her own imagination; not a change of weather, or a change of situation, that does not produce some present or prospective agony. If the day is fine, her corns inform her that we shall have rain to-morrow—If the sun is tolerably powerful, she expires with heat: or, if temperate, she anticipates the inconveniencies of approaching winter—If she perceives a cloud, she is for running

running into an obscure corner, to preserve her eyes from lightning—and, when she beholds a clear horizon, trembles for the consequences of a drought. Not a melancholy intimation is dropt in her hearing, but she instantly recollects a thousand dreadful disasters she has either experienced or escaped; and when she is told of any extraordinary piece of good fortune reaching people unexpectedly, she repines at the ungraciousness of her stars, that withholds every such blessing from falling to her share.

A brother of this lady, consequently an uncle of mine, who had met with a cruel disappointment in love at a very early period of his life, was so morose as to insist upon it, that women were universally unworthy, and universally unfaithful—Tell a story to their advantage, and he was petulant; mention them with severity, and you apparently tore open his old wounds—If he was treated respectfully by them, they were deceitful; and if they behaved coolly, he complained of being despised—When the younger part of his relations were disposed to be merry, his head ached; and when they were serious, they treated him as if he was a bug-bear—When he was consulted what he would choose for dinner, he was teazed; and when unconsulted, he was neglected. But, to sum up all, after years of assiduity and attention on the part of all his relations, excepting your humble servant, whose independant spirit frequently incited him to raillery, he died, and left me every shilling of his fortune, as a reward for my sincerity.

A young fellow who stands in the relationship of cousin-german to me, is what may justly be entitled a constitutional self-tormentor, for he was so from his infancy. When a school-boy, his task was always harder than any body's else—and his repetition of it, listened to with prejudiced ears by his master.

On entering into life, this strange humour increased upon him; he conceived every dinner he was not a partaker of, much more excellent than the one he partici-

pated

pated of. Every taylor, if he changed a dozen times in a month, was smarter than those he employed before; and every estate he heard of, happier situated, and better improved, than his own; tho' the income was absolutely inferior to what he was in the receipt of. He attached himself to an accomplished young lady, but soon found out that her sister was much more charming. The sister had a young friend, who had as much the advantage of her; and that friend a relation, that surpassed them all. His strange humour and inconsistency soon marked him for an object of contempt; and however, out of respect to his family, he is to this day received in some few houses, he is tolerated, not approved; pitied, not honoured; notwithstanding his birth, education, and estate.

I have a sister, who is the last oddity I shall introduce at this period, that is evermore labouring under some imaginary disease. She sits down to table without an appetite, it is true—but then she has been eating all the morning—Her complexion is extremely fine—but the bloom of nature is called a hectic—Her voice, that is naturally sweet, is changed into an affected whine—and her nerves are so delicate, that one of my honest laughs is sufficient to throw her her into hysterics.—I have taken great pains to convince her of her folly; but if I attempt to rally, she bursts into tears, and I am hurried out of the room as the greatest of all barbarians. I make daily resolutions to renounce all connection with so ridiculous a group; but my resolutions, nevertheless, (barbarian as I am,) are dissolved by their applications to return to them, though the infallible consequence of our re-union, is an abrupt separation.

Is it not astonishing, that people in no degree deficient in understanding, and blessed with affluence, should be such enemies to their repose, that they thus defeat all the gracious purposes of Providence, where their own happiness is concerned, and neglect all the opportunities of doing good that lie before them?

G. G.

ON PEACE OF MIND.

IS there any thing to be obtained from the world, that is more important than peace of mind? If there is, let it be named. My inscience is here confessed. Yet have I been an aspirer after fame—have enjoyed it too. I have been loved, and have possessed both wealth and friends. The one has loaded me with cares; the other, with anxiety: yet I wish to enjoy as much of them all as I can, temperately: but there is so much to be sacrificed to the frivolous manners of the day, such form to be observed, and so many extraneous circumstances (some ridiculous, others immoral) to be attended to, that, frequently, in my own despight, I am forced to incarcerate myself, and never walk abroad but from necessity.

Here is the fruitful cause of infelicity; we act according to the phases of opinion; a guide that shines not from its own stores: it is an opaque focus for the rays of absurdity, and thence they are reflected. Arian hath preserved no sentence that redounds more to the credit of his instructor than this: "When, upon mature deliberation, you are persuaded a thing is fit to be done, do it boldly, and do not affect privacy in it; nor concern yourself at all what impertinent censures, or reflections, the world will pass upon it: for if the thing be not just, and innocent, it ought not to be attempted at all, though never so secretly; and if it be, you do very foolishly to stand in fear of those who will themselves do ill in censuring and condemning what you do well." Z.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor.

A GENTLEMAN who, in the last Number, having offered "Hints to the Ladies," under a title which I have frequently assumed, I think it necessary

to

to say, that I differ from him in sentiment, and entertain a much more liberal opinion of the delicacy of the female mind.

The advantages which men enjoy from their sex and situation, are too strikingly conspicuous for it to be necessary for them to be named; and I cannot conceive that it can militate against the character of the most delicate female, to express a wish that her station in life had been reversed. To connect with the wish, an idea of *licentiousness*, is one of the most illiberal and unjust constructions that could have been formed; and I could hardly have supposed that malice would have suggested a thought so repugnant to the general purity of the female mind.

Human nature, Mr. Editor, is a compound of virtues and vices; but, for its honour, I am inclined to think, that the former prevails; yet take a view of the world, and observe its various movements, and say whether the licentious manners of some of its female inhabitants do not owe their origin to the *artifice* and *depravity* of *mankind*. Still am I not so partial an advocate for my own sex, as to assert, that to the depravity of yours they are indebted for every vice; for there are some characters, I allow, which seem abandoned by nature, and who require no initiation to make them depraved! But are the whole sex to be stigmatized for the failings of an individual? Or is an expression, used in the innocence of the heart, to be construed into a crime? Shame to the man who is capable of judging from an unguarded expression, and who would opprobriously endeavour to degrade the female mind! The epithet of *man*, is misbestowed upon a creature who can level his shafts of satire against those unable to defend the dart; for it not only evinces a pusillanimous disposition, but betrays a corrupt depravity of heart.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

May 9th, 1803. THE FEMALE MENTOR.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

JOHN III, Duke of Brittany, dying without issue, left his dominions to his niece Jane, married to Charles de Blois, nephew to the King of France; but Jolin de Mountfort, brother to the late Duke, though by a second marriage, claimed the duchy, and was received as successor by the people of Nantes. The greatest part of the nobility swore fealty to Charles de Blois, thinking him best supported. This dispute occasioned a civil war; in the course of which Jolin was taken prisoner, and sent to Paris. This misfortune would have entirely ruined his party, had not his interest been supported by the extraordinary abilities of his wife, Jane of Flanders, a lady who seems to have united in herself all the excellent qualities of both sexes. Bold and intrepid, she fought like a warrior in the field: sensible and sagacious, she spoke like a politician in the council; and, endowed with the most amiable manners and captivating address, the force of her eloquence was such, that she could mould the minds of her subjects to her own pleasure. She happened to be at Rennes when she received the news of her husband's captivity; but that misfortune, instead of depressing her spirits, served only to raise her native courage and fortitude. She forthwith assembled the citizens; and, holding in her arms her infant son, recommended him in the most pathetic terms to their protection, as the male heir of their ancient dukes, who had always governed them with lenity and indulgence, and to whom they had ever professed the most zealous attachment. She declared herself resolved to run all hazards with them in so just a cause; pointed out the resources that still remained in the alliance of England; earnestly beseeching them to make one vi-

gorous effort against an usurper, who, being forced upon them by the intrigues of France, would, as a mark of his gratitude, sacrifice the liberties of Brittany to his Protector. The people, moved by the affecting appearance, and animated by the noble conduct, of the Princess, vowed to live and die with her in defending the rights of her family; and their example was followed by almost all the Bretons. The Duchess went from place to place, encouraging the garrisons of the several fortresses, and providing them with every thing necessary for their subsistence; after which she shut herself up with her son in Hennebon, where she resolved to wait for the succours which Edward III, King of England, had promised to send to her assistance. Charles de Blois, accompanied by the Dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon, took the field with a numerous army, and, having reduced Rennes, laid siege to Hennebon. The heroic Princess, with the most undaunted courage, repulsed the assailants in all their attacks; and observing one day that their whole army had left the camp to join in a general storm, she rushed forth at a postern-gate, with 300 horse, set fire to their tents and baggage, killed their sutlers and servants, and spread such consternation through all their quarters, that the enemy gave over the assault, and, getting between her and the walls, endeavoured to cut off her retreat to the city. Thus intercepted, she put spurs to her horse, and, without halting, galloped directly to Brest, which lay at the distance of twenty-two miles from the scene of action. There being supplied with a body of 500 horse, she immediately returned, and, fighting her way through one part of the French camp, was received into Hennebon amid the acclamations of the people. Soon after this the English succours appeared, and obliged the enemy to raise the siege.

To

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

I AM a young man, just arrived from a distant part of England, for the purpose of being initiated into what is termed *fashionable life;* for having had an estate of fifteen hundred a year unexpectedly left me, I was advised by an old school-fellow to pass some months in town.

"You are a devilish honest fellow, Dick!" said he, "with a handsome person; and I have no doubt but I could get you a girl of *family* for a *wife:* but there is a rusticity in your manners that would completely defeat the purpose, unless you mix a little in *fashionable life.*" About a twelvemonth before this pleasing addition to my fortune, I came to the possession of a paternal estate of five hundred a year; upon which my ancestors had resided for many centuries, and supported the independence of plain country squires. Though we were visited by the neighbouring gentry, I was never forty miles beyond the place of my nativity; and the most brilliant ideas of life were formed from a country ball: but my friend described in such glowing colours the gaieties of the Metropolis, that very little persuasion was necessary to induce me to come to town.

Upon my arrival at this seat of splendor and dissipation, it is difficult to describe the effect which the various objects produced: my senses were perfectly dazzled, my ideas were enchanted, and I absolutely fancied myself treading upon fairy ground. A few days after my arrival, my friend proposed introducing me to a party, which was given by the fashionable Mrs. B——. I accordingly dressed myself with care, and drove to the Temple precisely as the clock struck seven. Upon entering the apartment, I was very much astonished at seeing him still in a morning dress; but before I could

I could enquire the reason, he accosted me, by saying, "Why, Dick, I believe you are taken in! However, my good fellow, you shall not want a dinner; for I have already ordered mine at Peele's." "Dinner!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean? Did you not invite me to drink *tea* with a party of your friends? You surely must have been very intent upon your studies, not to have known the time of the day." So saying, I presented my watch for his inspection; upon which he burst out into an immoderate laugh.

This proof of rustic ignorance so completely amused my companion, that at length I began to grow rather displeased. However, after accompanying him to the coffee-house, and making a second dinner, between nine and ten, he returned to dress. This specimen of fashionable life, I confess, did not much delight me; for, by the time a coach was sent for, I felt myself half asleep; and as the watchman called half past eleven, my gentleman informed me that we were entering Harley-Street. Enter it we did; but it was at least twenty minutes before the carriage could drive up to the door; and, upon seeing another behind us, with three ladies alighting from it, civility induced me to offer them my hand. It was in vain my friend desired me to push through the thronging multitude, as I was perfectly shocked at seeing him so ill bred; for, instead of making way for the ladies, he absolutely pushed by them, and endeavoured to drag me along by the coat. The stairs were so crowded, I thought myself at the theatre, and that every body was driving forward to secure the best place; and as I had always been taught to pay the utmost attention to females, I let about twenty pass me upon the stairs. This civility was returned with a tittering kind of simper; and, "Lord, my dear, who can he be!" At length I reached the top, and found my friend waiting, the very image of ill-nature and spleen. After a little farther pushing, we approached the lady of the mansion, who, after a slight curtsey, immediately enquired at what

game

game I chose to play; and, before I could say I was not fond of the amusement, my companion replied, that he believed I liked whist. To a whist-table, therefore, I was placed, without being allowed a negative; and in less than half an hour lost five points. But how shall I describe the astonishment of my feelings at seeing my partner take five guineas from his purse! "Our rubber is ended, Mrs. B——," exclaimed one of my fortunate antagonists. "Play a second, my dear Ma'am; for the gentlemen seem disposed for cards;' and, without even asking me whether it was agreeable, my partner took the cards, and began to deal. Fortune seemed determined to persecute me for my folly, for again I lost a rubber of five, when taking out my purse, I paid my ten guineas, and immediately rose from my seat. "You have forget the cards, Sir, I believe?" said my officious adversary, holding up one of the candlesticks in her hand: upon which I immediately placed the cards under it; not forming the most distant idea of what she could mean. This was ten times worse than making way for the ladies; for the *titter* was converted into a loud *laugh*; and it was some moments before my partner could tell me, that when I played *guinea points*, I must pay five shillings for the cards.

With a confusion not to be described, I immediately paid the money, and hastened to another part of the room, where I found my friend engaged at cassino, and had the good fortune to spy a vacant chair. Just as I was going to seat myself, I perceived a lady whose countenance was completely expressive of fatigue. I accordingly resigned it, and received her acknowledgments; but heard a gentleman, who stood next me, exclaim, "What a *country boor!*"

In about ten minutes after, my fashionable friend joined me, and demanded whether I was ready to depart. I answered in the affirmative; but enquired where we should find the lady of the mansion; as, of course, it would be necessary to make our bow. "For hea-

ven's sake do not expose your ignorance," said he in a pettish accent, and immediately hurried out of the room. I followed of course, after having spent a more unpleasant evening than it is possible for me to describe.

Now, Mr. Editor, I beg leave to enquire, whether this specimen of fashionable manners, can, even from habit, afford a rational man delight? How is it possible for people to enjoy satisfaction from being crowded so close together, that every individual is scarcely able to move? As to conversation, there was none; and each of the gentlemen seemed vieing with each other in attempts to be rude; for the only attention they paid to the ladies, was that of an affronting and impertinent stare. If this is the kind of amusement I am to meet with in the Metropolis, and if the manners I beheld that evening, are really those of *high life*, I shall certainly neither wish to part with my country rusticity, or wish to have a woman of *family* for a wife.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble Servant,

RICHARD RUSTIC.

ON POWER.

IT has been said, that power never foregoes the acquisitions it has once made; not even those by which it may be itself exposed to dangers. We may search history in vain for the example of any prince who has voluntarily consented to limit his authority. But it is not to the great alone this passion for dominion is confined; in the kitchen, or stable, we may trace not only the petty creature, but the great tyrant; nay, in the hours of candid and unprejudiced scrutiny, the hazard of accepting unlimited or unlimitable trust.

A.

THE STROKE OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

I AM now worth one hundred thousand pounds, said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate he had just purchased.

I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, and am *but* 65 years of age, hale and robust in my constitution; so I'll eat, and I'll drink, and live merrily *all* the days of my life.

I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, said old Gregory, as he attained the summit of a hill which commanded a full prospect of his estate: and here, said he, I'll plant an orchard; and on that spot, I'll have a pinery.

Yon farm houses shall come down, said old Gregory; they interrupt my view.

Then, what will become of the farmers? asked the steward, who attended him.

That's their business, answered old Gregory.

And that mill must not stand upon the stream, said old Gregory.

Then, how will the villagers grind their corn? asked the steward.

That's not my business, answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber—from which he never more awoke. The farmers reside on their land—the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers all rejoice in his death.

ON EXILE.

AS a change of place, simply considered, can render no man unhappy, so the other evils which are objected to exile, either cannot happen to wise and virtuous men, or, if they do happen to them, cannot render them miserable. Stones are hard, and cakes of ice are cold, and all who feel them, feel alike; but the good or bad events which Fortune brings upon us, are felt according to the qualities that *we*, not *they*, possess: they are in themselves indifferent and common accidents, and they acquire strength by nothing but our vice, or our weakness. Fortune can dispense neither felicity, nor infelicity, unless we co-operate with her. Few men who are unnappy under the loss of an estate, would be happy in the possession of it; and those who deserve to enjoy the advantages that exile takes away, will not be unhappy when they are deprived of them.

B.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE FAIR FUGITIVES.

Dramatis Personæ.

Theodore Courtenay -	Mr. Hill.
Colonel Le Blanc - -	Mr. Simmonds.
Pedro - - - - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Zasco - - - - -	Mr. Incledon.
Ornubo - - - - -	Mr. Emery.
De Merville - - - -	Mr. Davenport.
Julie - - - - - -	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Adelaide - - - - -	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Kathrina - - - -	Mrs. Mills.

The Author of this little Drama is indebted to Mrs. Charlotte Smith's story of Henrietta for part of the plot. De Merville (a West India planter) has placed his

his daughter Julie as boarder at a convent in Lisbon: here she contracts an intimacy with Adelaide, a novice, and becomes enamoured of Captain Courtenay, a British sailor. By De Merville's commands, Julie repairs to Guadaloupe, to which island she is accompanied by Adelaide, who has made her escape from the nunnery; and Captain Courtenay, who conveys Colonel Le Blanc, a French officer, in his frigate. Le Blanc has been ordered to Guadaloupe, to take a command against the rebels who are desolating that island; and Captain Courtenay gallantly offers to assist his friend. Things are in this situation when the piece opens. Julie and Adelaide are arrived at Mount Cedar, a country seat of De Merville's, near Basse-Terre. We learn that Courtenay has offered his hand through the medium of her father to Julie; but De Merville denies him with rudeness; and threatens his daughter that she shall immediately marry another man. Julie is firm to her first vows; and De Merville confines her and Adelaide to their apartments. Colonel Le Blanc (who had conceived a passion for the fair novice) finds means to speak to the ladies, and recommends them to feign compliance, by way of gaining time. Meanwhile, Courtenay, who lies concealed amongst the mountains, dispatches his servant Pedro with the same advice to his mistress. At the moment in which Julie drops a letter, containing her resolutions, into the hat of Pedro, he is seized by two of De Merville's slaves, and carried prisoner into the house. Ornubo, a negro, now informs Julie, that her father is so incensed, he is determined to have her married that very night to his friend, who is hourly expected. He attempts to persuade her to take to flight. At this period a hurricane breaks out, and the rebels are heard coming down. Ornubo takes advantage of these encreasing terrors to alarm Julie yet more, and at last succeeds in persuading Julie and her friend to fly under his protection. Terrified at what might have been the effects of the tempest on his mistress, Courtenay descends from the mountains, and

finds Mount Cedar in ruins. After releasing Pedro from the fragments of the building, he learns that Julie must have been carried off captive by the rebels. Rendered desperate by fears for her safety, he returns in pursuit of her. During the wanderings of the fair fugitives, Adelaide is separated from her friend in the darkness; and Ornubo, taking advantage of the solitude, insults Julie with proffers of his savage love. She is rescued from this danger by Zasco, the Brigand chief, who bears her away to his camp. Theodore Courtenay is seized by the rebels; but he finds means to make his escape, and explores his way through the recesses of the woods into a hut, where Adelaide had already found a refuge. While there, firing and shouts give notice that the military and the rebels are engaged. He rushes out to the assistance of his friend. He encounters Zasco; and whilst that rebel is lying at his feet, Le Blanc enters with Julie from the Brigand camp, which is seen in flames. Adelaide joins the scene; and the piece finishes with general happiness.

Thus far the fable; and certainly its interest is not inconsiderable. Perhaps there may be rather too much plot for so short a piece: it exacts a rapidity of scene which is painful for attention to follow. We think the story better calculated for a first piece than a second; and if we may judge of the actors' opinions from their *acting*, they thought so too; for when they got hold of a word, like the *minute guns* in the *Critic*, they did not know when to let it go again. Indeed, we never witnessed a performance so defective; not one of the actors seemed perfect in their parts; and we understand that whole sentences were interlarded which never fell from the author's pen. This information we may easily credit, when we hear that one of the principal performers come on the stage quite intoxicated. Mrs. H. Siddons looked beautiful; and what she said, possessed sense and coherence: but for the others, their time of study must have been spent in slumber; for

we never remember to have heard such a farrago of nonsense. Mr. Hill's songs possessed both poetry and music; but the audience was too much disgusted with the carelessness exhibited by the speakers of the dialogue, to shew any approbation of the singers. Upon the whole, we regard the *plot* of the *Fair Fugitives* to have been devised by the *Author*; but for the *rest*, it bears evident marks of being an *Extempore Play*.

HAYMARKET.

May 16th, 1803.

Mr. Cumberland's favorite comedy of the *Jew* was the piece chosen for the commencement of the season; and the Winter Theatres being yet open, rendered it necessary for *Mr. Colman* to procure a company almost exclusively strangers to the London boards. A sense of rights, which he conceived to be infringed by the protracted seasons of the other Theatres, induced him to make the effort; and the laudable ambition of meriting public patronage directed his choice. He has collected a number of performers from different provincial Theatres, who are likely to do credit to his judgment, and to promote the success of his enterprize. The house was crowded at an early hour, and the performance was received throughout with unqualified applause. It is no inconsiderable mark of the high estimation in which Mr. Colman's exertions in the service of the public are held, that a play has already been commanded at his Theatre by their MAJESTIES; and if the new performers support the impression which their first exhibition made, it is but justice to suppose, that he cannot fail of success. *Mr. Chapman*, from the Worcester Theatre, performed Sir Stephen Bertram. This gentleman possesses much merit. He threw into the part all the unfeeling harshness of the disappointed father, yet was not deficient in the expression of parental tenderness, when the interview with

with Eliza reconciled him to the choice of his son. *Mr. H. Kelly* performed Charles Ratcliffe with much propriety and feeling. *Mr. J. Palmer* was very respectable in Frederick. *Mr. Elliston's Jew* was most admirably supported; and the Jubal of *Mr. Mathews*, from the York Theatre, possessed much real comic humour. This gentleman promises to become a favourite in low comedy. *Mrs. Cleland*, from the Plymouth Theatre, played Mrs. Ratcliffe; she has a commanding and dignified air, well suited to the character she sustained.

The entertainment was the *Agreeable Surprise*. *Mr. Burton*, from the Dublin Theatre, made his appearance in the character of Sir Felix Friendly. He exerted himself much, and not without success. *Mr. Mathews* performed Lingo very naturally. He was encored universally in his song, and introduced a laughable alteration in the last verse on the repetition, which caused much merriment. The performance was preceded by a prelude, the composition of the manager, somewhat in the style of Silvester Daggerwood. It contains a detail of the various difficulties that obstructed the execution of his plan, and some extracts from a correspondence with some of his performers. The Prelude was very favourably received, and excited much laughter.

Tuesday, May 17th.

This evening their Majesties and five Princesses honoured this Theatre with their presence. The house was excessively crowded, and never were their Majesties received with more enthusiasm. The audience seemed to feel the agitation of public affairs, and applauded beyond all example. The stage-box was elegantly fitted up for the royal guests, who seemed much pleased with the entertainments, which were the same as on the preceding evening.

SADLER'S

SADLER'S WELLS.

This beautiful little Theatre, under the direction of *new Managers*, and *new Proprietors*, with the addition of *old Port*, enjoys its *bumpers* every evening of performance. The new Grand Serio-Comic Pantomime, *Philip Quarll*, and new Burletta Spectacle, called *Little Red Riding Hood*, or the *Wolf Robber*, (both the production of *Mr. C. Dibdin*,) aided by the vocal abilities of *Mrs. C. Dibdin* and *Mr. Townsend*, (late of Covent Garden Theatre,) the wonderful powers of the *Patagonian Sampson*, and the favourite Comic Pantomime of *Fire and Spirit*, are the admiration of every person who visits the Wells, which for nearly a century has been a favourite with the Public.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

The new grand spectacle called *Manfred*, or the *Castle of Otranto; Mr. St. Pierre's* charming ballet, *The Marriage Contract;* the procession of the *Installation of the Knights of the Bath;* with the horsemanship, and new harlequinade of *The Silver Star;* continue to draw crowded houses. A new comic Pantomime, the production of *Mr. Laurent*, will make its appearance in a few days.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

The serious spectacle of *Louisa of Lombardy*, the unrivalled horsemanship of the youthful Highlander, *Mons. Hengler* on the tight rope, and the favorite comic pantomime of *The Rival Statues*, or *Harlequin Humorist*, are performed to crowded audiences with unbounded applause. A new vocal Pantomimic Tale of Enchantment, called *Number Nip*, or the *Elfin King of the Giant Mountains*, from the popular tales of the Germans, will speedily be produced.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

EVENING DRESSES.

1. A head-dress of light red sarsenet, with ostrich feathers. The robe of the same, fastened on the side with gold broaches. The sleeves and under dress, white muslin. The gloves and shoes, white.

2. A white lace turban, and a white muslin dress trimmed with lace, and plaited on the sleeves. The shoes and gloves, white.

MORNING DRESSES.

3. A straw hat, lined with a rich brown sarsenet, with a wreath and ribbons of the same. The gown, yellow muslin, trimmed with plain lace on the sleeves. A white lace cloak. Shoes, brown; and gloves, York tan.

4. A straw bonnet, lined with green, and ribbons of the same, with a wreath of blue flowers. A white lace tippet. The gown, lilac muslin. Shoes, green; and gloves, brown tan.

*** Gipsey hats of variegated straw, spencers of buff sarsenet, shawl cloaks with arm-holes, and spatterdashes of flesh-colored sarsenet, are much worn.

Evening Dresses. June 1803.

Pub. by

Morning Dresses. June. 1803.

. By Ve June 1st 1803.,

The Apollonian Wreath.

WILLIAM AND EMMA.

IN yon neat little village, beyond that grey hill,
Where the spire of the church you may see;
Where o'er its clear bed the meandering rill
Flows babbling along by the side of yon mill,
Dwelt Emma, gay, lovely, and free.

The throne of bright virtue was Emma's fair breast,
And her face was the print of her mind;
And by all who e'er knew her, ador'd and caress'd,
Young Emma beyond other maidens was blest,
Nor a wish unfulfill'd could she find.

'Mongst the swains of the village, full many there were
Who strove Emma's love to obtain;
But the sigh or the glance, the entreaty and pray'r,
Though enforc'd with emotions of grief and despair,
Were address'd to fair Emma in vain.

Still happy and free, Emma thought not of love,
Till young William appear'd on the plain:
The thought of him still would intrude in the grove,
While she wander'd to hear the soft moan of the dove,
And she tried to repress it in vain.

Her charms were not lost upon William's young mind;
He saw, he admir'd, and he lov'd;
And sighing, exclaim'd, "Would but Emma were kind!
"But such bliss sure no mortal is destin'd to find,
"For then earth would be heaven improv'd!"—

Young William succeeded; he won Emma's heart,
And next day was to give him her hand;
But to mortals 'tis little Heav'n deigns to impart;
For already had Death dipt in poison his dart,
And to speed it Fate gave the command.

Returning at eve through yon deep shady dale,
Where the trees form an arch all around,
As slowly he walk'd, the fresh breeze to inhale,
From the thicket a pistol was fir'd, and all pale,
Faint, and bleeding, he fell to the ground.

"Ah, Emma!" sigh'd William, as bleeding he lay,
"Shall I never behold thee again!
"Then farewell for ever!—Yet what do I say?—
"Not for *ever*, dear Emma!"—Then fainting away,
Groan'd, and died, sighing, "Emma!"—in vain—

'Twas young Bertrand whose aim was thus fatally true,
Who had strove Emma's love to obtain;
Who had seen with fell rage her gay marriage in view,
And had solemnly sworn thus to crown her with yew,
And make all her hop'd happiness vain.

Not long liv'd fair Emma; and where William lay,
And his blood yet distains the green sward,
Her ghost, clad in white, still walks nightly, they say,
And thrice shrieking madly, for vengeance does pray
Upon Bertrand, who murder'd her lord.

ISABELLA.

ON NETLY ABBEY, HANTS.

AS with the man whom Fortune's withering
Blast, o'ershadowing pours incessant o'er
His head; struck with the beating storm, his falt'ring
Spirit bends beneath the burthen of
Repressing grief; when, lo! a glimmering
Ray breaks thro' the lowering clouds, and gently
Leads young dawning Hope; who, like the orient
East, when Phœbus gilds the lucid morn of
Vernal Spring, promises a day of
Universal joy; so feels the trav'ler,
Worn with madding cares, when Beauty's varied
Scene, in fairest colours spread, direct his
Wistful steps to this sublime retreat; lost
In its mistic force, his wond'ring bosom
Beats with quick vibration of its charms; and
Admiration veils each ruder thought.
How awful, thou majestic pile, whose ivy'd
Canopy protects thy venerable

Age; and vaulted aisles, with all that pencil'd
Grandeur could display, in mould'ring greatness
Mark the lowliness of man, whose earnest
Toil could not preserve thy dignity from
This. Still persecuted Peace, expell'd the
City's rest, here sits in silent state; save
That on yonder brow, the feather'd peasantry,
Amid their rugged cells, in sweetest cadence
Pour their warbling notes; or that of rude
Intrusive Zephyr, whose whisp'ring murmurs
Echo the walls; and, join'd with Nature's
Soft simplicity around, respire
Prophetic of eternal rest. How felt
The spirits, here from vice secur'd, fast
Gliding o'er the troubl'd stream of life, fann'd
By the breeze of Faith, and Wisdom at the
Helm, their happy barks in safety steer'd!
Thus let mine pass, beneath a genial zone,
My compass, Reason, and Content my sail,
To the blest haven of my hope; where storms
No more arise, but vertic happiness unfading glows.

LINES TO A FRIEND,

On reading his Verses, entitled "Absence, to a Young Lady."

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain;
As each invading blast devours,
The freshest fruits, the fairest flowers.
SHENSTONE.

WHILST Washington laments, in sweetest strains,
That absence tears his lovely maid away,
Each sympathetic bosom feels his pains,
Pities his passion, and approves his lay!

Like Washington I lov'd—Ah! lov'd too long!
And pour'd my sorrows to the wanton wind;
The wanton wind, in murmurs, bore my song:
My fair one prais'd it—yet she prov'd unkind!

Oh! trust not to the smile that beauty wears;
Place no dependance on the dimpled face!
From fav'ring smiles arose my fest'ring cares;
To fav'ring smiles my disappointment trace!

Remember, Washington, beneath the rose,
That breathes its fragrance to the balmy air,
A rankling thorn for ever, ever, grows—
Oh! point the moral to the blooming fair!—

H——T.

LINES

UPON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG FRIEND,

To whom the Author had been fondly attached for a number of Years, and from whom she had recently been separated.

ONCE more I'll endeavour to paint,
In language which flows from the heart,
Those wiſhes which make language faint,
Those feelings it cannot impart.

What phrases can friendship diſclose?
What words have the pow'r to reveal
The love which maternally flow's,
Or the exquiſite fondness I feel?

Though by Deſtiny's adverſe decree
No longer, Louiſa, I prove
The friendſhip my heart feels to'ards thee,
Or can give *daily* proofs of my love:

Yet ſtill do my thoughts *hourly* turn
To the object moſt dear to my ſoul:
As well might the needle e'er learn
To diverge from its magnet, the pole.

And *this day*, my Louiſa, I find
An additional void at my heart;
Yet this may, perhaps, ſeem unkind,
When for years we were never apart!

Yes, nine years in ſucceſſion I've hail'd
The annual return of this day;
And though I, perhaps, may have fail'd
In the *poetic ſtyle* of my *lay*,

Yet ſtill I have tried to impart
The *feelings* which *friendſhip inſpir'd:*
And the theme, coming *warm* from the *heart*,
Louiſa has often admir'd!

Will *abſence*, then, make it leſs dear?
"Ah no!" my Louiſa replies:
The aſſertion is prov'd by a tear,
Which, in fancy, now falls from her eyes!

The cryſtalline drop wipe away;
Ah! let it no longer appear;
As *this* ſhould for *ſmiles* be the day,
And the *brightest* of all the whole year!

Yet

Yet may they be never confin'd
To a *day*—to a *month*—or a *year!*
But at *all times extend* to thy *mind*,
And illume that susceptible sphere.

Yet, alas! I have known it o'erspread
With Affliction's enveloping gloom;
But henceforth may each sorrow be fled,
And happiness come in their room!

If wishes, Louisa, could rise,
And ascend to the mansion of grace;
Thou should'st taste the pure bliss of the skies,
And no cloud overshadow thy face!

March 3, 1803.

LINES

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Would I had never thought; I had then been happy!
SAVAGE.

WITH heart, that deep afflictions wound,
And breast, where fest'ring sorrows reign,
I cannot hail, in festive sound,
Or greet, with lively, pleasing strain,
A day that brings no joy to me;
Whose train no smiles or pleasures cheer;
On which no bells, with merry glee,
Suppress the sigh, and check the tear!

Alas! no pleasures cheer my heart;
Their smiles no friends for me prepare:
Or haste to act the kindly part,
And from my breast my sorrows tear!
Pensive—alone—the hours fly on;
And solitude around me reigns.
But, ah! the moments yet to come
Can ne'er dispel my mental pains!

In early youth, this day was made
A scene of joy, a day of glee—
Alas! how all our pleasures fade,
Like blossoms on the fruitful tree!
Yet mem'ry turns, with ardent view,
To trifles made by time most dear;
For time their birth can ne'er renew;
And short, alas! was their career!

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZ. ROBINSON, OF BAGSHOT, WHO DIED MAY 5TH, 1803.

GIVE up, my soul, each frolic theme,
And hither pensive turn your eye;
Awhile forego each flattering dream,
To muse on life's reality.
Oh, turn to where lamented lies
What once was lovely to your view;
To what, if ere you worth did prize,
You now must sore bewail, and long remember too.

And art thou, then, Eliza, gone?
And are thy hopes all come to this?
Is life's career thus early done?
Thus mix'd with death thy marriage kiss?
And was it but the yesterday,
That friends extoll'd thy rosy bloom?
And are they now compell'd to pay
Each sad funereal rite, in sorrow at thy tomb?

Oh what avail'd it thee to have
The beauteous mind that made thee dear;
Or what avail'd it thee to save,
To be the fairest of the fair?
Ye proud, ye vain, ye giddy young,
Attend to lov'd Eliza's fate:
She's gone—Though far above your throng
She rose, in Wisdom's eyes, pre-eminently great.

But hush, my muse, the piteous strain,
Nor count the pangs her parting cost,
Nor strive to lull the sense of pain,
By dwelling on the worth we've lost:
For memory, with busy skill,
Yet adds inchantment to her name;
And with its sovereign language, still
Commands our tears to flow, increasing with her fame.

'Tis thus the wise, the good, the great,
To Death's decree submissive bow;
And whether short or long's their date,
Become what lov'd Eliza's now—
Become what lov'd Eliza's *now!*
Oh, no—to some to change 'tis given;—
They must have liv'd like her below,
To be like her *now* borne, *now* welcom'd into Heaven.

Lynn Regis,
May 8th, 1803.

****

SONNET TO EVE.

I.

FORTH let me steal, ah! now my toils are done,
Near woodland wild, or mid some fertile plain,
To view the glories of the setting sun,
Or list enraptur'd to the warbling train.

II.

Here quiet, harmony, and peace prevail;
Here Meditation leads her pensive throng;
While here I taste the fragrant-breathing gale,
Ye muses, aid me as I saunt along.

III.

And now, perhaps, some victim's ling'ring breath
Sighs on his lip, unwilling to depart;
And now, perhaps, chill, unrelenting Death
Aims his barb'd arrow, and wounds deep the heart;
Yet when he comes, let me not be afraid;
For soon, or late, his visit must be paid.

R. T. OLIVANT.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Pea-cock.

Correspondence, &c.

We are extremely sorry that "Leyttleton" *should have thrown away so much time in writing, and putting us to the expence of postage for, a production, which would prove as unentertaining to the readers of the Lady's Museum, as the behaviour of the person it is intended to ridicule, must be disgusting to a sensible mind.*

The favours of W. T. Dimond, R. T. Olivant, J. Bird, J. W. S. Isabella, C. S. *and* H**. *with those of several other Correspondents, are unavoidably delayed till next Month for want of room, when we shall commence the Eleventh Volume of the* Lady's Museum.

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